





"EXOTIQUE"

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,
FADS and FANCIES

No. 32

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"TOUGH GUY IN SATIN"

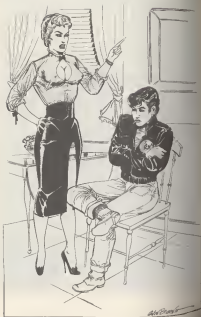
by

Evelyn Adams

* * *

"For the last time," snarled Myrna, "you're not going out tonight." She glared down at the lean figure of the boy seated on the hard-backed wooden kitchen chair. Myrna wondered why she had ever consented to let this teen-age hoodlum into her home. A trained nurse and social worker, her superiors had impressed her with the need for combatting the current wave of juvenile delinquency that was wracking the town. And this orphan boy, a gang leader, had no place to stay so she agreed to let him remain with her. Myrna was studying to become a correction officer

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and she let it be known that Peter, the blue-jeaned and motorcycle jacketed youth was not to be the boss in the house.

He wore his thick black hair in the familiar duck-tail style, greased back. His soft, downy skin made him look girlish and Myrna often wondered how he would look if he were dressed up. . . right and proper - such as in a neat ballerina skirt and blouse or even with silk panties -- or better still - a pair of bloomers! Imagine taming a teen-age thug by clothing him in frilly female garments. Ah, but how to do it -- that was the problem. Right now, Peter was without a cent in his pockets and was pleading with Myrna for some spending money. Nervously, he tapped his feet -- he was wearing metal-toed barracks boots. Powerful, they were like armed weapons. Sometimes, Peter wore polished black reinforced motorcycle boots and for more "elegant" affairs, a pair of dark blue sod-brogans. Just a teen-age punk, the social workers had concluded and turned him over to Myrna for correction and discipline.

"I just need a dollar," he pleaded, his soft fingers trailing up and down the rivets studded into his black motorcycle jacket. The sleeves had zippers which concealed all sorts of objects. "I want to buy some clothes." And upon an afterthought, "I mean, some underwear."

"Hmf." Myrna was wearing a pair of silken slacks, dragon-embroidered, the tongue of flame shooting out in life-like reality. Although in her 30's, her figure had reached the point where it was called "arrived." It was "finished." The jutting breasts, concealed beneath a silk blouse with a high neck -- the collar sported a double set of tiny buttons on either side. And her jewelry consisted of pierced earrings. Just at this moment, the earlobes, the white flesh was pierced with little images of a ball and chain. As her head moved, they tinkled with amusement. Her hair was done up in an old-fashioned bun -- at the top center of her head, the thick bun was fastened with a leather strap and buckle so that loose strands would not give her a reputation of untidiness. She

sat down, crossing both legs. A pair of skyscraper heeled slippers dangled dangerously -- the heels so sharp and dagger-like, that Peter had a fleeting sensation of a character he had once seen in the movies. It had been a jungle picture and the cannibals had thrown a captive down into a deep pit. A huge lid, studded with spear tips, was slowly threatening to seal the captive's doom. Closer and closer the spear tips came until the unfortunate captive had to flatten himself. Just when the sharp tips almost sliced into him, his call for help was heeded and he was rescued.

Surprisingly enough, Peter who was as tough a street gang thug as could be found, he was always in awe when staring at such unusual shoes. Once, he recalled, Myra wore a zebra-furred pair of house slippers. The heels were made of ivory -- that's right, milky-white ivory. And the slippers were soft and furry and when Peter ran his hand across the soft fur, he almost thought he heard the soft sigh of some zebra. Purely imagination

which only went to show how far a feeling of sensitivity can be carried.

Myrna thumped her ringed fingers on the top of the leather arm of the chair. "Peter, you're going to be tamed. There's entirely too much teen-age gang warfare going around."

His dark brown eyes opened and he looked innocent. "But Myrna, what'd I do?"

"Don't play games with me!" She stamped her foot on the floor, sending sharp stabs of fear up his back. He felt as if a thick lump of ice had been suddenly wiped from the top of his spine, all the way down. He shivered and snuggled down onto his hard-backed chair.

"Myrna, I just want to buy a little underwear outside -- for a dollar."

She was not to be fooled. "You probably want to buy some cigarettes and play the tough guy, wearing those leather

jackets and skin-tight blue jeans." She grunted, crossing her nylon covered legs once more. Her dimpled knees winked at him. "You've been appointed my charge, Peter, and I want to make you into a decent law-abiding citizen. We may as well start right now. You're not going out tonight, in those clothes."

He sneered. "Okay," standing up, and shedding his motorcycle jacket. It clattered to the floor. He wore a skin tight T-shirt, accentuating bulging muscles, and a thick garrison-type belt at the waist and the all-too-familiar blue jeans. The thick pomaded hair certainly made him look like any tough guy seen on the screen or those that are described in magazines and 25¢ pocket books. "So I'll get rid of the jacket. . .now will you let me out?"

Myrna said, "I'll let you go out tonight, Peter, but not in those things you wear." She wondered how tough he would be if she gave him some truly "un-tough" clothes. She had been taught in her social work school that people generally behave

in the manner that they're dressed. Sloppy clothes prompt sloppy habits. And feminine clothes. . .well. . .she would try and find out right now. She stood up, her heels firmly implanted on the floor, her wide-spread hips as powerful as the flanks of some brilliant steed or racing horse!

She vanished into the other room, returned with an armful of garments. Atop it all lay -- a gleaming riding crop! She dumped the clothes onto a chair and held up the riding crop. It had a sharp quirt at the end and as Myrna whirled it around, it whittled like the singing sound of a willow branch in mid-flight. Suddenly she stopped an instant of suspenseful pause and then she brought the quirt right down on top of a foam rubber chair top! W-H-A-C-K! The whistling sound terminated in a sharp crack! Almost as if the foam rubber were actually some soft, living thing. In fact, the soft foam parted as the force of the quirt split right down the back! Myrna had been taught that actions speak louder than words. And her training was far from wrong. The very action of the sharp, knife-

blade sharp, quirt singing through the air sent the poor boy cringing in a corner, pale and shaken, his upper lip trembling. He stared longingly for the leather motorcycle jacket but Myrna snatched it away and tossed it out of reach. "So," she snarled triumphantly, "Without your hoodlum clothes, you're not such a tough guy after all. If more correction officers realized it, we'd have fewer street violence scenes."

She pointed to the pile of clothing. "All right, Peter. You just said you'd like to go out. And I'll keep my word."

Hope returned to his shaken face, smooth-cheeked. "Can I go?"

"Of course, as soon as you change your clothes. Get rid of those disgusting things you're wearing and change into these. I'll help you." She took a step forward but Peter flattened himself against the wall. It was amazing how changed he had become, once she discovered his weakness. . . that it was his motorcycle jacket and blue

jeans that gave him courage. Good! She'd soon get rid of some of his nasty ways.

"I'll . . . dress by myself," He looked around for a place in which to disrobe but she said,

"Don't try to escape. If you do what I say, you'll be given the night off."

Peter realized the hopelessness of his situation. He undid his metal-toed barracks boots and then stood barefoot on the floor. Sheepishly, his smooth skin turning a flaming red, he pulled the T-shirt over his head. Myrna was surprised to note that he was not as muscular as he looked when wearing the tight shirt. In fact, Peter had quite a slender, almost girlish figure. He fumbled with his thick belt; it, too, clumped to the floor. Then, he paused while undoing the metal clasps of his blue jeans. He even shivered as he wiggled out of them. Blue jeans usually were worn very tight; it was part of the so-called code of the teen-age hoods. And now, just wearing a pair of cotton briefs, Peter was in a

very embarrassing situation. For all his bravado and loud-mouthed talk, Peter had never revealed himself to any woman in his present condition. The gang would have kicked him out had they known that he was really pure and innocent. Truthfully speaking, Peter was just frightened and while he would go necking or dancing with a girl, he could not go to the full test of his manhood, even when the situation was available.

"Strip off those shorts, Peter, and we'll get you into these bloomers."

He reddened and stood cowering in the corner. "Can't I wear my shorts?"

She stamped her high-heeled shoes. Waves of terror spun up and down his spine. "Do as you're told!" Then she laughed uproariously. "Not such a brave teen-age thug now, are you?"

Frightened, Peter gripped the elastic edges of his cotton briefs, toyed for a moment and then let them drop down

to his ankles. Gingerly, he stepped out of their former protection. He was bathed in a cool sweat as he came closer to Myrna. She gazed at him with a completely professional attitude.

"You're quite slender. That's good. A pair of silk stockings, the new pink tone, will look nice on your slim legs. Glad that you don't have much hair on your legs. Oh well, if you had, I'd just have to shave it off."

A knobbing growl at the pit of his stomach made him tremble.

Myrna held out a pair of tangerine tinted bloomers. They were very tight, sporting a set of velvet bows which, in themselves, were studded with glistening diamonds, running down the sides. The crotch, wonder of wonders, was stitched with a very flexible strip of thin leather. There was a little hidden flap around the waistline which, when opened, enabled the elastic band to be pulled very tightly so that it fit properly.

Peter stepped into the bloomers, feeling goose-pimpled all over as the soft fabric sneaked up his legs and then its warmth was embracing his lean torso. Myrna examined carefully to see that it was a tight fit.

"It's comfortable," said Peter in a squeamish voice, almost to the point of trembling tears because of this awful exposure.

"I'll see for myself," she snapped, and Peter bit his lip, unable to protest further.

A full slip came next, complete with a built in, flesh-colored, foam rubber bra. The bra was edged in lace, looking like an array of pretty flowers in full bloom. As it covered Peter, he felt pangs of passion stab through his body. The bra was full and thick, like melon breasts. In fact, the tips of the springy, bouncy foam rubber had deep red tints -- resembling delightful little coral tips. Peter ran his fingers over the red tips until Myrna, her face a mask of

fury, slapped his hands away.

"You'll spoil the exquisite workmanship! You'll touch them when you're given permission."

The stinging slap reminded him that he had better keep his mind on what she was now holding out -- a pure satin gown. It was accented by a belt of rhinestone brilliants at the waist. In daring midnight black, the gown bragged of sheer satin crepe which draped Peter's figure in fiery magic, beginning with a bust-building arrangement which folded at the bodice... then flowing to exotic harem gathers at the knee. Because of the boned bust, no bra was really needed. In fact, the very tight belt served like a girdle but because Peter's figure was already girlish, Myrna spared him the confinement of a boned-ribbed girdle. The foam bra was necessary, for obvious reasons. It was an exciting sheath.

Then, his legs were treated to thigh length silk stockings, giving his slenderness

a diffused look because the stockings were tinted a rosy hue. As for shoes -- this was the big surprise -- she held in the palms of her hands, a pair that was designed by a master craftsman, a leathersmith who took pride in his exquisite sense of fashion and design. Made of black suede, the shoelet was a sleek pointed flatter, flirtatiously capped with a shimmering, pleated Satin bow pinned with a jeweled crescent of hand-set, multicolor gems. The terrific tapering heel measured a perfect six inches. The new, pointed toe was closed, of course. An ankle thong bit ferociously as it was fastened. Then, Peter stood up. He tottered forth and almost fell. The vamp bit into the series of toes that had been forced flat. The inset was almost flat as a pancake and his heel was stretched taut like the skin of a drum.

"Now then, Peter, let's do something about your face." She brought out an array of cosmetics.

"But, Myrna, I'm no sissy," he protested, seeing the cold cream, lipatick,

foundation cream and then several shades of face powder together with fluffy powder puffs.

"Don't be so narrow-minded. If you're going to wear those clothes, you can't walk out with an unmade-up face. It's positively indecent and disrespectful."

Peter saw her logic. "Very well. Show me how to put my face on."

She helped him clean his face with fragrant cold cream, then she dabbed on some bright colored foundation cream, to be followed by two dabs of rouge and then a dusting of nice face powder. "I'm glad that I don't have to shave yet," he confessed. "It must be so unpleasant to have to cover up stubby skin bristles."

"Absolutely." Myrna then fluffed out his hair and even inserted a bright red ribbon. When he stood up, still tottering on his high heels, Peter was a perfectly dressed young lady.

In fact, much of his hoodlum bravado had vanished. He could hardly wait to go outside. What if some of the gang saw him? He felt a tremor of fear. Then he made up his mind. If they saw him, he would just tell them how wonderful it was to be rid of dirty and dusty old blue jeans and such unimaginative jackets. Feminine apparel had so much to offer. Wouldn't it be exciting if the entire gang would change their ways and devote their energies to wearing charming garments?

Peter hugged Myrna; thanking her for showing him into this new world. He gave his dress a final tug, straightened his hair ribbons and then said, "I'm leaving for tonight. Myrna, you've been wonderful to me. And I'm going to pay you back. . .by changing the whole gang."

And true to his word, Peter did exactly what he promised. The entire bunch of rowdies became perfectly dressed youngsters!

THE END. . .







"THREE ON A DATE"

by

Evelyn Adams

* * *

Ray sat very still, a long ivory cigarette holder held rigid between two velvet-gloved fingers. The soft red velvet covered her entire hands and arms, right up to her elbows where elastic strings bound them securely and very rigidly to the soft flesh above the elbow bones. In fact, when Ray removed the richly embroidered, red velvet gloves, red rims remained on the ivory tinted flesh; she had adjusted herself to wearing these gloves all day long because they enhanced the slender beauty of her arms. In a loud voice she said, "Are you going to take long in dressing,

Julie? George said he was going to call for us promptly at eight o'clock."

From the other room, Julie said, "Not too long, Ray. I know that George likes to have nice companions to take with him to the theatre and I just want to make sure that I'm wearing the clothes that he likes."

Ray bit her juicy lips. Pangs of jealousy tore through her emotions. She regretted ever having invited George up to her apartment. She never thought he would fall for Julie, her room mate and now she was faced with stiff competition. But George was the one who insisted upon this triple date and she could not refuse him for fear that he would have taken Julie alone. Ray glanced at herself in the mirror. Wearing a waist-nipper, which tucked her in at the hips so firmly that her flaring hips hardly could control themselves beneath the steel-ribbed girdle she wore. The very rigid waist-nipper was reinforced with a steel plate, flexible just enough to grasp her figure tightly as though

it were a potent pincer. A leather skirt, soft calfskin, slitted at the side, gave off a musky scent, like heady perfume. Leather always excited Ray. It made her feel self-confident, assured of herself, unafraid. Nobody would dare intimidate Ray when she wore her leather skirt.

The slit parted, revealing a pair of long slender stems. . . made slender because of the skyscraper-heeled leather boots that she wore. Only this morning, she had insisted that Julie help her wear the boots and the other girl consented to insert each metal-tipped leather lace into the glittering eyelet until the knee was reached. Here, the laces were knotted securely since leather can be slippery and it's embarrassing for them to come loose in public. The pencil-thin heels were exactly seven inches high and they made soft, gentle sounds as she walked through the apartment. Julie had asked, "But how can you possibly wear such high heeled boots?"

"It's difficult," she admitted, especially since the arch of her foot became

flat and on a vertical line with the ground.
"But I'm no coward!"

"Of course not," Julie had shrunk back, frightened by the immense power of the boots.

Now, she came from the inner room, clad in nothing but a pair of teeny lace panties. The color of a fading sunset, they were trimmed with tiny little lacy bows and ribbons and when the lean, supple thighs pressed against the elastic trim, a delightful tender bulge sprouted forth. And when Julie turned around, Ray suddenly swallowed hard. The little panties sported four rows of dancing fringe across the seat. Whenever Julie's rounded hips moved, the little rows danced delightfully. Ray always wondered what she could do to make those little rows dance and dance and dance!

Julie stared wide-eyed and innocently, her angel-like face just bespeaking of purity and innocence. "Aren't you getting dressed, Ray?"

Ray mashed her cigarette in a leatherette ash tray beside the club chair in which she was seated. She stood up, a dynamic personality, full of power and force. "I think I'll slip into my leather suit." She paused to stare at Julie's very rich bosom. For a young girl who had just come to the city, she was certainly well built and developed. Her lush bosom, uplifted and erect, was covered with a mischievous bra. The plunge front widened wickedly so that soft white flesh spilled out, deepening the V between her breasts. The bra had foam rubber stitching in nylon satin and wiring in nylon lace of cup -- lifting up her thick breasts to almost perpendicular position.

"Julie," her voice was firm and resolute, "I don't think you've learned how to dress properly." A smile played around her thick, red lips as she watched the younger girl seat herself before the dressing table. Slim white fingers dipped into the rouge pot, starting to paint her pale cheeks. Ray had a fleeting sensation that she much resembled an attractive



young boy. Yes, she had much to be desired and Ray felt a pang of jealousy when she thought that tonight might turn into a tragedy if George found himself falling in love with Julie. She fought back bitter tears, hating herself for ever having introduced Julie to the one man she loved.

Julie was saying, "But I thought George likes to see me wearing frilly clothes, especially those that are flouncy and feminine. Just the other day, when he was over here to see us, he said he loved my silken pleated skirt, that made a delightful whirl whenever I turned around."

"George might get tired of seeing you wear the same styles all the time, Julie." A little plot was forming. If she could dress Julie in very mannish, masculine clothes, such as leather and bone-ribbed girdle, then George might lose his liking for her. It was worth a try. Ray liked to wear such clothes herself and had quite an assortment. She often wore them when she went out with George and he remarked how she certainly had a taste for

clothes. One time, he became so enchanted with the chain bracelet which she wore, that he kissed every delightful little wrinkle and crevice of her hand, starting from the chubby little thumb and working his way down to the slender little pinky. And the sparkling red nails looked as sharp and piercing as the steel tip of a shiny umbrella. Ray had been most careful not to scratch George with her sharp, claw-like nails and they also served as a reminder that Ray was not to be trifled with and that she could certainly defend herself if the occasion demanded self-protection.

George had said, "Nobody can wear such patent leather suits and boots as you do, Ray. Just look at the skin smooth texture of your legs. In fact, they look like soft leather legs. And that charming leather choker around your neck. It's almost remarkable how you can breathe, with those tight leather buckles fastened so securely behind your neck. You really look charming, Ray. I detest girls who don't wear leather as well as you do."

Ray wondered if she could make Julie wear leather in order to disgust George. He preferred seeing Julie in very feministic clothes.

There was little time to lose. Her spiked heels made angry cries as she hurried to the inside bedroom. She climbed atop a stool and from the top shelf of her closet, withdrew a large leather suitcase. In a few moments she returned. "Julie, I want you to look exceptionally well tonight. Come over here and I'll help you dress."

Julie stood up, her heaving bosom erect and firm, the spilled flesh like soft whipped cream. The red tips like strawberries. Julie had removed her brassiere. "I really don't like to wear corsets or girdles. Just frilly clothes," she explained.

"Then it's about time you learned to have a comfortable girdle as a trainer to make your carriage and posture more proper."

"But, , I don't really. . ." She

eyed the leather trimmed girdle, complete with tight elastic garter straps. And the series of intricate little eyelets into which satin laces were inserted. To have such a weapon around her slender body, filled her with shudders. "Really. . I'd rather not. . ." Her full bosom shook and the two thick breasts heaved back and forth.

Ray lost her patience. "Stop snivelling." She reached out, seized Julie's slender wrist and roughly forced her over into a corner. "Strip off those panties."

Julie was almost crying. "Ray. . . I've never seen you so determined." But her red lacquered fingers were already toying with the elastic band around her narrow waist. In another moment, the panties slithered down her slender legs and she stood in her blushing beauty.

Ray held up a matching pair of leather panties and bra. A burnished bronzed leather, the panties and bra were shaped

like a heart. They had all the frills and flounces, thrills and bounces of the flirty can-can. Why? Because the edges had a series of little leather ruffles, dangling like the angry laces of a pair of boots, or more like the tails found on one of those old-fashioned cat-o'-nine tails used in days of yore. Shaped like a huge heart in the front and rear, the panties were held together by the slimmest pencil strap thought possible.

"Step into these."

Julie, exasperated, but anxious to make an impression on George, did as she was told. The panties were entirely too small. She had to squeeze her torso into the leather shaped garment, her flesh bulging out in little humps. Her waist, while narrow, was squeezed even tighter into the panties. Ray then brought out, what she called, a waist trainer. This was an innocent looking thin strip of rawhide with buckles in the rear. A set of three buckles, to be exact.

"It's too small," complained Julie.

Ray said, "But rawhide stretches when it's wet, so I'll just soak this in the sink for a few seconds and then stretch it good and wide." When she returned, the rawhide waist trainer was thoroughly soaked and made a tight fit around Julie's soft fleshy waist. Ray neglected to tell her than when rawhide dries, it shrinks! In a few hours, Julie would feel the sensation of the slowly tightening rawhide waist trainer and it would cause a lot of embarrassment because she would not know what was causing the tight, squeezing feeling and she certainly would be unable to remove the waist trainer in public.

Then, the lovely white breasts, liberated and completely free, soon met their captors -- the leather heart shaped bra. This, too, had the naughty fringes that danced with complete abandon. Ray stood behind Julie and fitted the marsh-mallow breasts into the twin cups. "Your breasts are too large," Ray complained, studying the nape of Julie's neck. Soft and white, flawless in satin perfection. The soft hollow moved as Julie said, "I've al-

ways been used to going without a bra."

Ray smiled. "It's time your breasts received some training." She then tightened the clasps behind at the small space between Julie's white shoulder blades. . . drawing the clasps to the last notch so that there would be no opportunity for easy removal later on. The breasts were now thoroughly enslaved in a leather bra. When she faced Julie again, she saw that the naughty tops of her bust were bare -- the creamy flesh almost gasping in a pleading cry to be liberated!

Julie then looked at the suitcase and saw a skin tight leather sheath, from the neck right down to the knees, it was a tight leather fit -- at the knees, the sheath tightened so that Julie even laughed when Ray said, "No chance of your knees knocking with this leather dress."

The leather sheath fell into fetching knee flounces, adding a final flirtatious accent. The collar was a Chinese coolie style, separating just where the soft hollow of the throat is located. As Julie slipped into the

leather sheath, she felt a strange sensation envelop all sense of being. Goodness, it was as if someone had lowered her into a very narrow pit and only the head was free. Yes, the tight leather almost seared her sides as she felt the flesh being squeezed and kneaded into its perfect slithering smoothness. The leather embraced her like a hundred soft palms. No part of her entity was left untouched and it was as if a warm mist had covered her skin from chin to below the knees. To further tighten the leather sheath, at the waist, was a huge red leather belt, slightly curved at the sides, but otherwise very thick. When the buckle was tightened, Julie felt as if a huge wooden slat had been pressed against her stomach, so firm and rigid was the leather belt.

And when her slender white arms, as fluttery and free as a happy swallow-bird one moment, were thrust down deep into the dark chasms that were sleeves, Julie became terrified. "Where are the wrists?" she begged.

It was too late. Already, she found

that the unusual leather dress had wrists but these blended into a pair of very tiny leather mittens! A very practical dress, indeed. It removed the necessity for wearing gloves and the possibility that gloves could be mislaid or lost. The mittens were a bit too small and Julie had to clench her fists very tightly in order to have a comfortable fit. She was glad that George would be escorting her because with such tight mittens, it would be difficult to open and close doors and do other tasks. George, of course, was the very soul of etiquette and would happily perform all humdrum tasks for Julie.

A few tight laces and lo and behold-- Julie was a creation in leather, from the bare skin right out to all that was visible. Her head and face still were unadorned and Ray wondered if there was time to slip in a small nose ring. Alas, Julie's nose was not pierced so that little bit of evening jewelry was discarded.

A long pair of spun mesh hosiery came next and fastened onto the garter

straps. Julie's legs looked lean and sleek. For such elegant feet, only the best in footwear was to be acquired. A pair of skyscraper heeled evening shoes. Exactly five inches high, the lean heel helped to heighten Julie's leg appeal, forcing the calf muscles to bulge out to almost unbelievable proportions. As Ray knelt, to force the foot into the shoe (a size too small), she could not control her emotions. Her lean fingers gripped the bulged muscles and squeezed. Julie yelped. "Oh, please, Ray. Give me time to get used to these tight shoes."

"I'm sorry," apologized Ray. "You know how overcome with emotion I get when I see such lovely feet. The tottering heeled shoes were barebacked, revealing leather-smooth heels -- that is, the heels of Julie's delightful feet. Slender wrinkles moved beneath the silk as Julie squirmed to adjust herself to a comfortable standing position. The leather vamp was sprinkled with glamorous black and white stars and tiny white nail-heads. The toe was very sharp and pointed. Because the high heel forced the five dainty

little toes to an almost perpendicular position, the sheer force made a scraping sound as Julie walked -- flashes of tiny lightning sparks terrified Ray and she had to back away. The little sparks continued for a while and Ray felt saddened when it was over.

At last, Julie was now dressed -- completely in leather. Ray forced the smirk from her lips to think of what George would feel when he saw his feminine and frilly girl -- in captivity with leather as the captor!

The door bell sounded. Ray looked at the wristwatch on her dressing table. With a shock she realized that time had flown and she spent so much precious moments on Julie that she neglected getting herself properly attired. Too late. George was already upstairs and Julie was admitting him to the apartment.

George's mouth opened wide. He was dumfounded. For a moment, he could hardly speak. When his tongue could

move, he said, "Why Julie -- I never thought you'd wear leather -- so well!"

Ray felt astonished. "George," she tried to step between them but George was already holding Julie's mittened hand and steering her over to a corner where he could feast his eyes on her leather loveliness. "So smooth and flawless," his fingers explored the gentle but aggressive texture of her leather outfit. "Really, Julie, I just didn't like to see anyone but Ray in leather since I never knew another girl who could do leather such justice as you do. But now. . . Julie, you must promise me -- whenever we go out together, you'll wear leather." He glanced at Ray. "Oh, I see you're not dressed. Did you change your mind about going out with us tonight? It's all right, don't apologize."

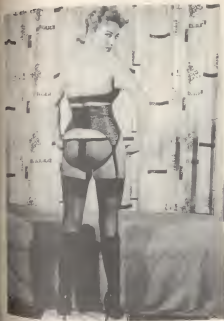
Before Ray could say a single word, Julie and the very delighted George were already outside the door and then Julie's soft heel steps, the sound as thrilling as a pair of primitive bongo drums, were echoing down the stairs.

Ray felt the tears well up and pour down her satin cheeks, she sat down at the dressing table and sobbed. When her crying spell was over, she stared at herself in the mirror. "Oh well, I'll have to get over it and try and find another man who enjoys leather." She knew, down deep, that such men were not easy to find. Where could she look? But -- a thought of consolation warmed her -- at least Julie had been initiated into the wonders of leather and she was delighted that she had made another girl so happy.

Besides, . . . it was going to be such fun to seek out a new man who would soon taste of the wonders of leather. Newcomers were the best!

THE END . . .







"FROM ME . . .

. . . TO YOU"

by Tana Louise

* * *

Every so often I am confronted by the same problem . . . that is, to prove to all the "Doubting Thomases," that I actually practice what I preach. When I advise all of my female readers to wear leather dresses, extreme heels, black stockings, tight corsets, etc., I'm not just talking through my hat. Long ago I learned that the fastest way to a man's heart is not through his stomach, but rather, via the Exotique clothing route. A single glance at my wardrobe would be enough to convince even the most critical reader.

Just last week I received a call from a publicity man representing one of the country's top motion picture companies. It seems that they were

planning a big premier and they wanted to be sure that I would be there . . . dressed exactly as I usually do - in leather. I naturally accepted the invitation and on the big night I was picked up by one of the studio's limousines. I was whisked to the theatre where I was greeted by at least a dozen press photographers. Flash bulbs started to pop and the crowd surged forward. Everyone wanted to get a look at the "beautiful brunette in leather."

Before the night was over I must have received a dozen or more compliments on my attire. And the compliments were not only from men, but women as well - including some top Hollywood celebrities.

Just so you will all know that I actually went through all this, I'm including a few pictures taken on "the night." Now what can you say?

A bit about the outfit. . . . Underneath, because of the skin-tight fit of the dress, I wore nothing but a tiny ribbon garter belt. This held up a pair of ultra sheer midnight black nylon stockings. On my feet, I wore a pair of black kid "spring-o-lators" with 4 1/2 inch heels. And around my right ankle - a diamond anklet.

The dress itself was made of the finest black

velvet. It fitted my body like a second skin. Both sides had slits which ended just above the knees and when I walked, my nylon clad legs flashed. The bodice of the dress was slashed to my waist and was held together by leather lacing.

My arms were covered from fingertips to shoulder by a pair of black glace kid gloves. These fitted without a wrinkle. Over the whole ensemble, I wore a leather stole trimmed with white fox.

And there it is - for whatever it's worth. I'll be sure and keep you posted on my next outfit which is being made now. It is all white leather - but more about that later. For now. . . .

Bye

TANA LOUISE





CONTEST ENTRY BLANK:

Date: _____

Normel Publishing Co.,
247 West 46th St.,
New York 36, N. Y.
Att: Contest Editor

Gentlemen:

The following is my entry in the Exotique Lovely
Legs Contest . . .

(See Issue No. 30 for contest details.)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City & State: _____

* * * * *

Check whether MALE or FEMALE:

No. 1 _____	No. 5 _____	No. 9 _____	No. 13 _____
2 _____	6 _____	10 _____	14 _____
3 _____	7 _____	11 _____	15 _____
4 _____	8 _____	12 _____	16 _____

All entries must be in by Dec. 31, 1958. Winners will be
announced in EXOTIQUE No. 34.



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